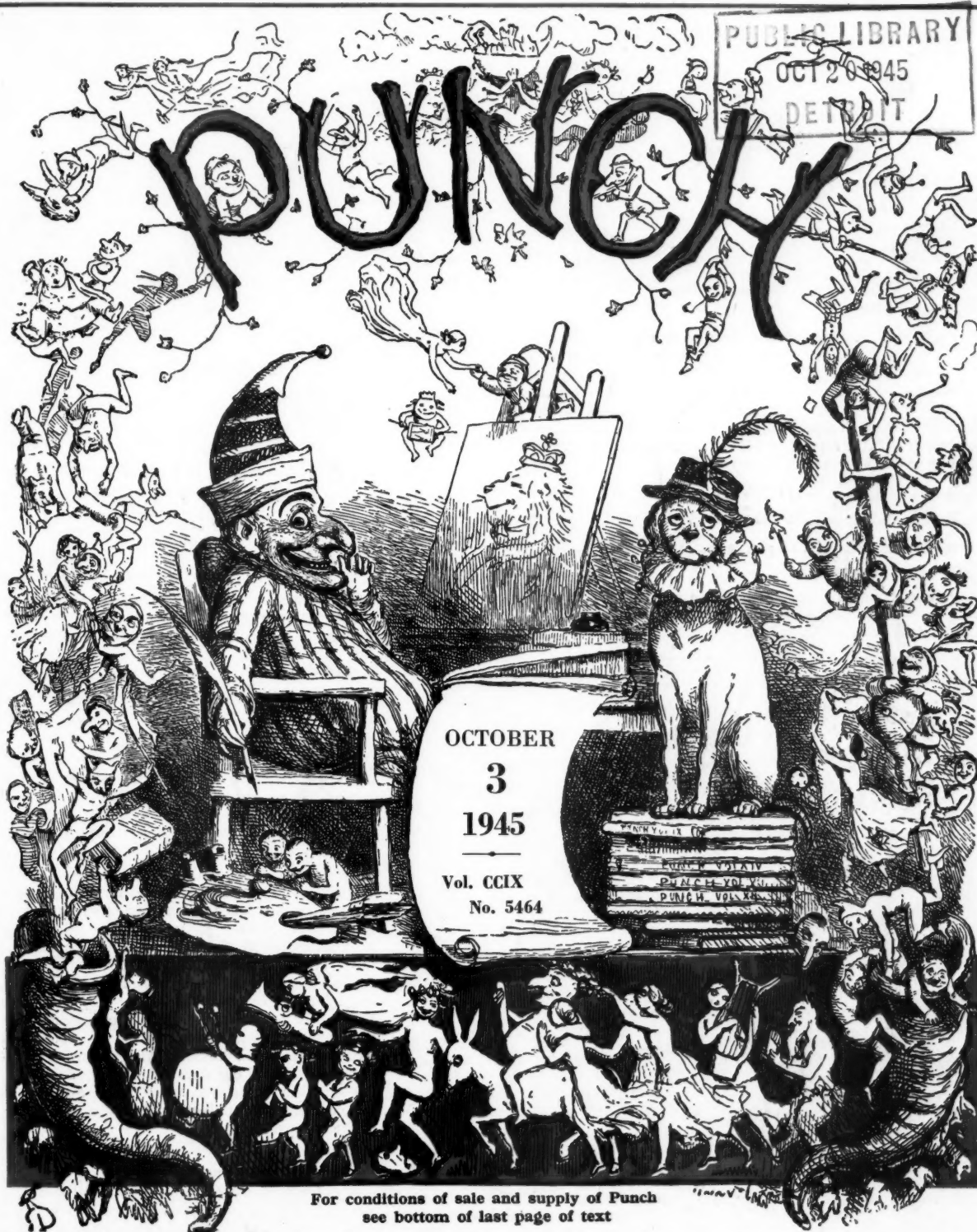


# HUNTLEY & PALMERS - the first name you think of in BISCUITS



For conditions of sale and supply of Punch  
see bottom of last page of text



## Player's Please



## How to snap a seated figure



If, at close range, part of your subject is much nearer the camera than the rest, then that part will come out relatively much bigger, giving the sort of distorted result shown in the diagram.

So, when snapping people at fairly close quarters,

make sure there aren't any arms or legs stretched towards the camera.

**By the way**—Make a point of holding the camera level—if you tilt it up or down perspective becomes distorted.

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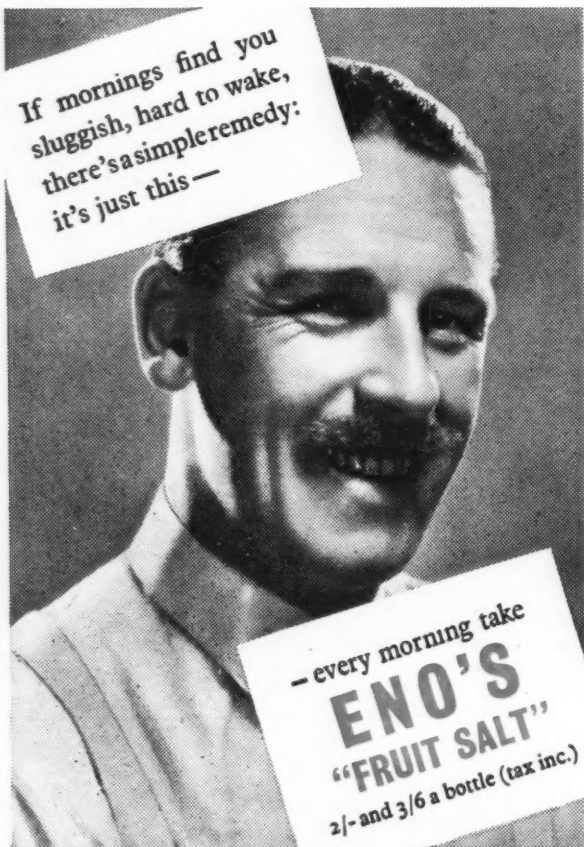
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F.318

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sluggish, hard to wake,  
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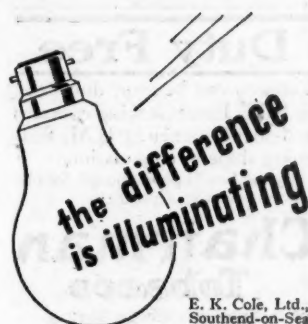
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"Who's crackers . . . ."  
began the Mad Hatter.  
"You are!" interrupted  
the March Hare. "Don't  
be so rude," said Alice,  
"he means whose crackers  
are we having for tea.  
Why Crawford's Cream  
Crackers, of course!"

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by permission  
of Messrs.  
MACMILLAN  
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for the  
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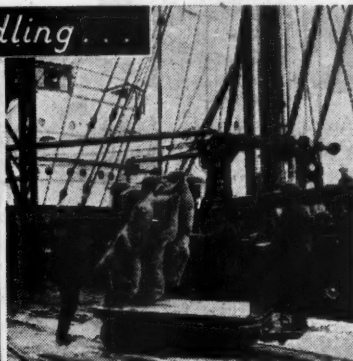
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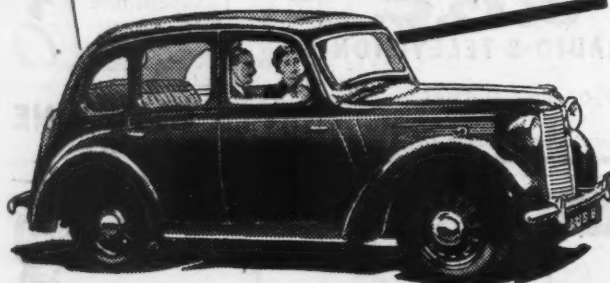
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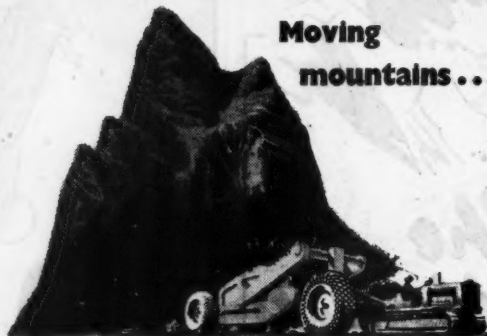
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# PUNCH

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CCIX No. 5464

October 3 1945

## Charivaria

STRIKES, famine, unemployment and rioting are in the world's headlines. All we need now to complete the illusion of peace is the news that Test cricket is to be declared again.

An Essex farmer reports that flocks of pigeons invade his fields. Apparently there is a poor harvest in Trafalgar Square this year.



Americans are now beginning to realize it was impossible for us to have gone hat in hand to Washington: we didn't have one.

On the question of travel comfort the railways are sounding public opinion. The wheel-tappers have at last decided their normal soundings are futile.

"They are members of the new International Air Transport Association, which supersedes the old International Air Traffic Association."—*Evening Standard*.

Hardly recognize it, would you?

Housewives are gloomily expecting the seasonal reduction in rations so that later on the Ministry of Food can triumphantly bring them back to normal as a Christmas treat.

After six long years of war our comedians are looking forward to a break at last: the banana joke should be with us again in the spring.

A horticulturist says it is possible, with a little patience and study, for an amateur to grow champion beans and marrows in his back-garden. Personally, we prefer to keep on friendly terms with our neighbours.



"The last word in trunk calls," ran a recent item. We can guess what some of the intervening ones were, too.

"Captain and Mrs. — Urgently Require Small House, Flat or Rooms . . . 'Phone Mitcham 1950."—*Advt. in local paper*.

All right, we may hear of something by then.

A returned prisoner-of-war says he derived much pleasure in captivity from the study of a poultry handbook. He is now able to construct hutches that are really escape-proof.

A correspondent says he is carrying on with his early morning physical jerks just the same as when they were broadcast. So are we.



Tradesmen now have unlimited petrol; so if it wasn't for lack of manpower they could now tour round and advise prospective customers in person that they didn't have any of what the latter were no longer having to queue for.

We hear that one of the surviving Ministry of Information officials recently bit a dog in a desperate attempt to postpone the inevitable.

A prominent broadcaster is writing his autobiography. It remains to be seen if the literary critics turn down the volume.

Five thousand electric fans were destroyed in a Birmingham fire. The loss will be felt particularly in the pugilistic world where, owing to the towel shortage, electric fans have been used for inflating boxers between the rounds.

## The Final Scene

WHAT are they like, these Conferences? How little you know of them, unimaginative reader! How little you have ever tried to know! Do you never seek, as I do, to peer behind the veil?

About some table, you will tell me, of mahogany, teak, deal, walnut, or other uncompromising wood, are seated the well-known forms of Mr. Nonesuch, Mr. Barleycorn, Mr. Sugarov, Dr. Sing-Ho, and M. Chose. They are seated, you hope, on comfortable-bottomed chairs, with plenty of room for wriggling and a convenient "rake" for their backs. You envisage pens, ink, writing-pads, blotting-paper. You conjure up a cloud of secretaries. The atmosphere is tense. The central heating is turned on. The point is reached, so fateful in all Conferences, when the final disagreement is about to be attained, accompanied by the shelving of all important issues, and the delegation of the rest to a committee of more experienced prevaricators.

Mr. Barleycorn has just uttered the fateful words which, if they were ever permitted to leak out, would resound like a thunderclap through the Chancelleries of Europe and send the newsboys yelling through the streets of every capital inside and outside of Christendom.

"The application," he says in stentorian tones, "of this unilateral approval to the fundamental problems of ethnographical incompatibility introduces far wider considerations than we can possibly examine at the present juncture, without prejudicing the main issues of democratic and representative government in the regions under review."

Scarcely has this flash of wit been uttered than there speeds from the lips of Mr. Nonesuch the instantaneous epigram, "Ethnographical incompatibility my foot."

Enough, you say. The Conference is now over. The delegates arise. They take their hats, their umbrellas and go. The secretaries, a mild obsequious cohort, follow them. Only the experts remain.

But softly, reader; pause, wan ghost, in the doorway. You have not remembered the interpreters. Save, in these troublous hours, a thought for them. They are disregarded in the popular, and even in the unpopular, press. They grant no interviews; they have few honours. No prayers are prayed for them in the churches. Yet them do I always remember, both in time of war and in time of peace, most noble of all heroes unsung.

You did not fancy, did you, that M. Chose deigns to understand idiomatic English, or that either Mr. Nonesuch or Mr. Barleycorn has a word of the Gallic tongue, or of any tongue save his own. Mr. Sugarov (long ago he would have been M. Sugarov) and Dr. Sing-Ho may be better equipped, but they are not English scholars, and the last expression of Mr. Nonesuch is beyond them both.

Gone are the days of the old diplomacy when all complete misunderstandings could occur in a common tongue, which Ambassadors had been compelled from early youth to learn in a Parisian school.

The phrases of Mr. Barleycorn and Mr. Nonesuch must be repeated in French. They must be repeated also, in case some slight nuance has been missed in the language of Cathay, in the language of Muscovy; and repeated they are. Perspiration streams down the faces of the long-suffering go-betweens as they do their best to explain.

M. Chose is dissatisfied with the translation. He has detected a note of sarcasm in the opening words of Mr. Barleycorn's pronouncement, a sigh in the middle, a half-choked sob at the end. These, he thinks, the interpreter

has failed to transmit. Mr. Sugarov is equally dissatisfied. He demands the repetition of the words.

Mr. Barleycorn tries to say them again. Mr. Sugarov still grumbles. He says that the phrases "unilateral approval" and "ethnographical incompatibility" have been transposed in the second version, and that anyway neither of them has any meaning on the far side of the Vistula.

At the other end of the table a further complication has arisen. Either through weariness or inadvertence the words "my foot" have been translated literally to Dr. Sing-Ho. The words "my foot," in Chinese, may mean, according to the precise pitch of the voice, either "my foot" or "my bamboo grove" or "my riding-horse." Dr. Sing-Ho suspects the interpreter of having pitched his voice incorrectly, and even when he is satisfied that all is above-board a certain mystery remains.

Then the whole failure of the Conference to settle anything in particular becomes more profound than ever. Mr. Barleycorn, eager for lunch, breaks a pen in irritation, M. Chose retires from the room remarking proudly "*Nous sommes trahis*," Mr. Nonesuch sighs deeply, Mr. Sugarov sits back with a sardonic smile, and Dr. Sing-Ho, crushing a long roll of ideographs into his attaché case, keeps murmuring "My riding-horse! My bamboo grove," and the interpreters begin all over again.

Even the collapse of a great Conference cannot occur without their kindly aid. They must see the mighty drama to its inconclusive and polyglot end.

Pity then, with some of my pity, the poor interpreters.  
EVOE.

## National Service

ENGLAND, you darling old thing,  
For Pete's sake get quickly onto your feet again.  
I am sick to death, dear heart, of working for you;  
Come curls, come swiftly to your lion's mane!

I would fain lie myself down  
On that terraced bosom of yours where the back slides,  
Knowing your unicorn would not come to stab me  
Home to the galleys where my conscience rides.

Buck up, England, my lovely!  
I will give you one last long pull tho' break my heart,  
One more spit and a polish to your golden crown:  
Then, Mother, let your little one depart. V. G.

## Release Notes

### Ablutinary Procedure

THERE is a right way and a wrong way to have a bath in the kitchen sink.

It is desirable to bathe in the sink because the burden of carrying bowls and buckets of boiling water up to the bathroom from the gas stove is too great. There is also some risk of an accident at the turn of the stairs, and it is on record that those who have had one accident with boiling water do not require another. A third point, of no great significance, is that the number of bowls and buckets required to cover the bottom of the bath exceeds the number of buckets and bowls that can be heated at any one time on an ordinary gas stove.

Released officers and men will accordingly take their baths in the sink without further argument.

It should perhaps be made clear, for the benefit of those



*Landscape, with Ministry reluctantly vacating requisitioned offices, and jolly millers triumphantly returning.*



*"Somehow I should never have associated the Chief with César Franck."*

serving men and women out of touch with conditions in post-war Britain, that the old-fashioned method of simply going into the bathroom and turning on the taps is out. There is a difficulty about boiler fuel. Not the familiar pre-war difficulty of deciding whether the boiler did her best work on coke or anthracite. No. The hitch at present is that the Gas Company say they won't be able to deliver any coke before the middle of November and what a pity you didn't register with your coal merchant for anthracite, whereas the coal merchant, when questioned about anthracite, laughs as at some private joke and explains that you won't get any boiler fuel this side of Christmas not without the Gas Company might let you have a half of coke.

Bathing in the sink is not too bad, if you obey the rules. The writer, who is now in the third week of his release leave and is reasonably experienced, has found the following procedure satisfactory and confidently recommends it to persons of every age and service group.

He first orders the sink and draining-boards to be cleared of crockery and thoroughly scoured. This is women's work and should not be undertaken by the bathee, who should confine himself at this stage to the filling and placing on the stove of large pans and the assembly of washing materials.

When the water is hot he orders all supernumerary

personnel out of the kitchen and affixes to the outside of the door a notice stating that ablutions are in progress. He then pours the hot water down the draining-board into the sink. It is important to warm the board in this way, because to sit with one's feet in hot water and one's rear echelon on a cold wet board is bad for morale. Very well. He now washes the feet and legs up to and including the knees. This is absolutely straightforward work, but must be done rapidly or the torso will begin to shudder.

The lowering of the body itself into the water is a little more complicated. The average sink will accommodate the body from the back of the knees to about the mid-point of the spine, arranged of course in a V-shaped formation. That is to say, the calves must be laid along the draining-board while the small of the back rests against the further edge of the sink. The writer finds it better to insert a sponge or roll of some soft material under his knees and behind his back, but many old soldiers may think this a little decadent. There are two points to watch when lowering away into the sink. One is the level of the water, which rises with astonishing rapidity and may well exceed the level of the sink before the body is well home; the other is the taps, which may catch and lacerate the thigh unless proper care is taken.

Sluice the upper legs and chest and soap the face and neck. If the soap slips into the water, as it will, you must

get out at once. There is simply not room in the sink to make sweeping movements under water with the hands, and if you try you will achieve nothing beyond barking your elbows on the taps and pulling the plug up by its chain.

Getting out is extraordinarily difficult. Beginners try to pull themselves up by the taps, which is useless even if the taps will take the strain. Given a draining-board at each end of the sink, the best method unquestionably is to shrug one's way out backwards until the whole length of the back is flat along the board and then swing the legs outwards, at the same time raising the upper part of the body into a sitting position by pressure with the palms of the hands and the elbows. Owners of single draining-boards must reverse the process, working their legs further and further on to the board by pressing with the small of the back until the body is straight instead of V-shaped. The worst of this is that in the final stages the head and shoulders may slip into the sink, a position from which recovery is impossible. Let the water out before straightening the trunk. You will then be stunned, but not drowned.

A final word of warning. There is just a faint possibility that the sink may not bear your weight. If it doesn't, you will find full instructions for free hospital treatment during release leave on page thirteen of Army Book X.803. H. F. E.

## Return to the Lakes

THERE'S cloud on the tops  
and there's rain in the valley  
and nothing's different  
from what it was before  
except that I've no sweater—  
nobody's got sweaters—  
because the moths have eaten them  
in six years of war.

But never mind, the gas cape  
I never could fold properly  
and carried like a hump  
when the Home Guard trained for  
war  
has now become my property,  
so what care I for sweaters?  
I've never had a decent  
waterproof before.



"Oh, but I do understand—considering all your difficulties you've been perfectly marvellous—in fact, I've really almost enjoyed staying here."

## Flight

CAPTAIN SYMPSON'S enjoyment of his trip to East Africa was clouded by the knowledge that he would have to return part of the way to Egypt by air. Brave as a lion on land or sea, he is terrified of heights, and, as he remembered his sufferings on the journey down, his expression as the day approached for our return became gloomier and gloomier.

A few Kugombas had gathered at the airfield to see us depart and, infected by his sadness, said good-bye to him in tones of the deepest melancholy.

"You will arrive safely if Providence aids you," said one old man; "but personally I cannot understand how these iron birds avoid falling to the earth."

This was Sympson's own view, and he looked almost green as we took our seats. He fastened his safety-belt so securely that he was unable to breathe until I loosened it for him.

"The last time I flew," said a jolly major sitting behind us, "we had a real thrill. The engine stalled at 10,000 feet and we had to make a crash landing. Luckily we came down in a tree."

"I've flown hundreds of thousands of miles without a crash," said a colonel, "but a frightfully amusing thing happened once to an uncle of mine. He had to bale out at 20,000 feet and came down in the jungle, actually landing on the back of an elephant."

"I understand that this is the first time our pilot has made this particular trip," said a man with one pip. "I hope he knows the way."

When the engine started up Sympson closed his eyes and turned from green to yellow. As we rose high above Kumbalala he opened his eyes again, took one terrified look out of the window, and then glared at his watch.

"Two minutes gone," he said with an attempt at cheerfulness, "and it is only a three-hours' run to Juba, so one-ninetieth of the agony is over."

He tried to read, he tried to solve a crossword puzzle, but every few minutes he looked at his watch and worked out what percentage of the time had passed. Then we started bumping badly, and going round in circles to avoid a storm, and he closed his eyes again and went to sleep.

We roused him to readjust his safety-belt as the plane swooped down to land, and he was quite upish.

"You fellows don't need to be nervous over a little trip like this," he

said. "The percentage of accidents is absolutely negligible. I wouldn't mind doing this trip from Kumbalala to Juba again to-morrow."

"That's fine," said the jolly major, "because that is just what you will have to do. Conditions were too unfavourable for us to land at Juba, so we have returned to Kumbalala."

Sympson looked out of the window and saw that the major was speaking the truth. He is now thinking of deferring his release for three months and arranging to be carried overland on a litter to Juba by his faithful Kugombas.

## Gargoyle

THERE is one consolation in living in a succession of furnished houses (I defy anybody to name more than one) and that is the delight of discovering in each of them a selection of literature quite outside ordinary experience. I use the word "literature" in its widest sense.

From the boot-rack beside my present landlord's second-best bed, passing over the 558-page *Diseases of the Kidney* and *The Sunlight Year Book, 1899*, to mention only two items in a wide-ranging collection which must run into double figures, I recently selected a remarkable book called *The Practical Affairs of Life*, published by The Winchester Publishing Company (Proprietors of *The Money-Maker*), and given to the world, as far as I can deduce, early in this century.

The author is Mr. Robert Lennox Ludlow.

Books are scarce, and I doubt if you could get a copy of *The Practical Affairs of Life* to-day, except in the black market; but I urge any of you who feel you are not too old to start afresh in search of success to ransack every bookshop in London until you find one. I may even be able to lend you this, if I can persuade my landlord to let me have it in exchange for the new dust-bin I have bought for him, and the three tins of insecticide I have sprayed into his parlour carpet.

Mr. Robert Lennox Ludlow has devoted his life to learning the secret of getting the better of his fellow-men; and as soon as he had learned it he took up his pen and set about writing it all down for the benefit of others (without pausing to consider, I imagine, what mischief might be done to the social and economic structure when his fellow-men were let into the secret of getting the better of one another).

If you want to make a fortune, and keep it—for this is the author's interpretation of the word "Success"—the first thing to cultivate is a poker-face. It is startlingly clear to me, after reading the chapter on "Simulation and Dissimulation," why it is that I always get the worst of every deal, am always kept waiting in shops beyond my rightful turn, and am always ignored by railway servants. ("An experienced porter can quickly tell who is likely to give the substantial 'tip' and who the insignificant 'three-penny-bit.'") My face is too open, and people can see straight through it down into my feelings. A face like mine, Mr. Ludlow says,

"is simply fatal to the success of any negotiation . . . Facial expression should be under complete control, and perseverance in the work [of facial discipline] will place a mask of stone between the emotions and the world."

I like to think of jolly Bob Ludlow and one or two business friends having lunch together, trying to find a crack in the granite big enough to receive a forkful of steak, while the waiter hovers round wondering which of them looks like a man who will accept the bill. (Now I come to think of it, I rather fancy I've seen them.)

I hope that my use of the noun-adjective "business" will make it clear that Mr. Ludlow would not tolerate any friends in the sense in which you and I understand the word. Friends and relatives are two of the main obstacles to Success:

"When an acquaintance with a man . . . is profitable . . . by all means cultivate it. But in social life and in business drop the useless man. Pass him in the street with a nod and a pretence that you are in a great hurry."

If, to your astonishment and alarm, you should find that your sunny nature has attracted a friend after all, then you may have to bow to the inevitable. But at least keep your head, remembering that

"your best friend may one day become your bitterest enemy. Do not say that to a friend which, if he were transformed into an enemy, might be used to your disadvantage."

And for pity's sake watch yourself when you sit down to drop a line to a pal: "Imagine how some of the sentences would sound if they were read in court by a clever K.C.!"

It makes me wonder how I have kept out of jail all this time.

Mr. Ludlow is considerably pre-occupied with enemies. The world to him is just one huge ambush, and he expects half-bricks to come hurtling from the most unlikely quarters. Are

any of my readers employed by H.M. Commissioners of Inland Revenue?

"Tax is rarely charged upon that which a man actually returns as his real income, but upon that which some official (possibly an enemy of the taxpayer) imagines to be his income."

Now, I should never have thought of that.

"Relatives," I think, are simply classed with "enemies." Indeed, they are such parasites, thugs and swindlers that it is surprising how such a corrupt family tree managed to produce that single sound fruit which Mr. Ludlow's nephews and nieces no doubt refer to as "dear old Uncle Robert."

"If you are known to have money invested you will be expected to start one relative in business and to find £100 to assist another, who has climbed to the summit of imbecility by 'going bond' for some defaulter or other."

And again:

"Whatever you do, put your money out of the reach of your relatives."

And yet again:

"Your money will become the object of anxious yearning by improvident members of your family, the subject of drunken discussion among the sots who permanently adorn the local bar-parlours."

The whole dangerous question is dealt with at some length, but I think it is put in a nut-shell in the heading of one of the paragraphs on Charity, which reads succinctly: "The Word 'No' as an Investment!"

It is absurd to attempt, in a single short article, to do justice to the sweep and compass of Mr. Ludlow's inspiring book. Why, the "Bs" alone of the index range from "Bath, Value of the," through "Bearer Securities" and "Brokers, Inside and Outside," to "Burglary Insurance" and "Burns, Robert"! I wish I could quote for you the passage beginning "Beware of trusting the man whose mouth hangs always open . . ." or the paragraph entitled "Super-excellent Observation," which describes how the business man may consider this attribute to have reached its "acme of efficiency" when he is "able to detect the slow approach of some insidious disease in a debtor," and so take steps to "ensure a satisfactory post-mortem settlement of his claims."

But rather than give the impression that the author is something more than human, and that there is no department of existence from which he has not squeezed its last drop of practical significance, let me pass on to a sphere in which, it seems to me, Robert Lennox Ludlow does not feel himself to be on entirely firm ground. I refer

to the chapter on "Marriage, Its Risks and Advantages," opening with the words: "The prudent man, entering into a contract which is for life, will beware lest he be tricked at the outset . . ."

After skimming over a number of minor pitfalls, warning the reader who contemplates taking a wife that

"the rounded bust may be produced by padding, the glorious hair may all be false, and the pretty figure may be the result of the dexterous management of corsets and other adventitious aids,"

and assuring him that there is "nothing mean or vulgar" in taking precautions against such deceptions, which are only,

"in common parlance, an attempt to ascertain if the goods are equal to the sample."

Mr. Ludlow turns to graver matters:

"Valuable legal protection can be obtained through the medium of a wife, and if properly provided, with due care and attention for all legal contingencies, is almost perfect."

But note that "almost"; and there is worse to come:

"The man who has invested all his money in the name of his wife, and is by that means able to snap his fingers at some unjust creditor, is still liable to be an astounded witness of the transfer of his wife's affections and his own money to somebody else. Against a contingency of this kind no rules of prudence will form an absolute safeguard."

Yes, the italics are mine. It may be my imagination, but there is to me a ring of personal experience about this passage. It occurs near the end of the book, and the pages which follow lack something of the ebullient assurance which characterizes the rest of it, being mainly devoted to wild speculations on the possibility of evolving a foolproof formula for ensuring a wife's undying fidelity. . . .

And I think of Mr. Ludlow—I like to think of him—writing these last paragraphs at his study window (especially the defeatist passage headed "Inactivity as a Result of Death"), an expression of honest bewilderment cracking his mask of stone in spite of himself, while useless acquaintances, improvident relatives, unjust creditors and slowly-dying debtors dance a malicious fandango outside, and his wife, reminding him how some of his sentences will sound when they are read in court by a clever K.C., passes out of his life with a nod and a pretence that she is in a great hurry.

J. B. B.

#### Impending Apology

"9.15. 'The Vic Oliver Show.' 9.45. 'Return to Life.'—Radio programme.

*Long ago*



"How long ago it all seems, doesn't—"



. . . What's that? ! ! !—



. . . ah, just a car changing gear—



. . . really not so very unlike the start of a siren."



"The man said all you have to do is press the button and it lets down and becomes a table."

## The Fewer for Hire

**A**S one of the few people in London capable of recognizing at a considerable distance whether the flag of a taxi is up or down, I look rather sourly on the information that the three thousand new cabs due in the spring will be fitted with some device—not yet, it appears, decided on—that will make nearly everybody else as good at it as I am.

It is a small proficiency of mine, but a positive one. It enables me to stand (or of course sit) in an attitude of repose and watch with tolerant amusement the strenuous antics of would-be taxi-passengers who think that the only reason why the driver isn't responding to their cries is that it hasn't struck him, or he ill-naturedly refuses, to look in their direction, and not that he has someone in his cab already. It seems to me that the vast majority of other taxi-users in London are not merely unable to recognize the position of the flag, but actively disbelieve whatever it is arranged to tell them.

Distance apparently has nothing to do with it. I have seen people a yard away from the flag refusing to pay any attention to the fact that it was down. Such people seem to regard it either as a sort of decoration, like a piece of parsley on a fish-cake, or as an obscure mechanical device connected with the ringing of a small bell and having no significance for outsiders.

The fact is of course that it isn't really the flag, and it won't be whatever new device is being thought up, that these enthusiasts look at. They don't look at anything at all except the outlines of the vehicle, which when they once recognize it to be a taxi they will do their very utmost to stop, on the assumption that in common justice and having regard to their deserving character it cannot have been put there for any other reason than because they

want it. *Nothing* makes any difference to such people; if your associations are as free as mine are you might call them Bourbons. The taxi may be crammed with passengers, one of whom is shaking a table-cloth out of the window, but still this won't stop these Bourbons from trying to get in until it crawls out of reach.

Their habit is to hail everything in sight that resembles a taxi, on the principle of backing every horse in a race, or scooping up a pan of gravel and throwing out everything that isn't gold. This practice does of course get them the services of the occasional taxi-man who has left his flag down by mistake (who is, if you ask me, just about as common as the one who has left his flag *up* by mistake) . . . and it also probably gets him an addition to the fare of the amount that was on the clock when they hailed him.

Well, perhaps he deserves it. Taxi-drivers as a professional group are no doubt particularly weary and over-worked as a result of having been called on too often in the well-known "taxi-driver test" originated by Mr. Wyndham (Tarr) Lewis for sampling the quality of a novel. It must, I suppose, become irritating after a time, to be called in from the street by some literary man purely as the most convenient representative of the blind hand of Chance. Even if one is given a drink . . . even if one was not seeking a fare at the time, and one's flag, though up, was hidden beneath a twisted strap, or an old glove . . .

And that's another point. I am also one of the few people in London able to tell at a considerable distance when a taxi's flag, though up, bears some disarming intimation that it is not to be taken as meaning that the cab is for hire. As anyone similarly proficient will agree (difficult though I find it to believe in his existence), it is very exasperating indeed when the driver isn't playing fair: when he has his flag up and unobscured, but declines (in effect) to admit it, like the man with whom I had a brush the other day at the Trafalgar Square end of Charing Cross Road.

His flag was up and I hailed him, afterwards pursuing his cab at some inconvenience till it drew up at the kerb. As I grasped the door-handle he shook his head ill-temperedly and said "No. No, no."

I withdrew frustrated, making the mild suggestion, "Then how about covering your flag up?"

He snarled something in reply and I said "What?"

"What's that matter to *you*?" he repeated.

I went back and said in a reasonable tone "It matters to anyone who wants a taxi. If the flag——"

"No, it does not!" he burst out angrily. "I don't have to do it! I'll do what I like with me own flag, see?"

At this I made a great show of recording the number of his taxi on the edge of my paper, and he growled "That's right, take it down, *that* won't do you any good."

It was ALR 351, if you're interested.

I hope I shall be one of the first people next April to ride in one of the new cabs that are to be like private saloon cars, painted a distinctive colour for easy recognition, and I hope that while I'm in it, it will just beat ALR 351 past some traffic lights, or over the Tower Bridge, or something. I don't see why this should not happen; anyway I shall be one of the few people in London capable of recognizing the distinctive colour.

R. M.

## Attractive Offer

"Headaches?"

Let us examine your eyes and help you in removing same. With Optical Aid."

— Notice in an optician's shop in Karachi.

Hollywood



"They seem to have staggered these rush-hours remarkably well."

## Last Week's Film

**H**ALF the fun of going to our local hairdresser lies in discussing with Ethel (First Assistant at Madame Liaison's) the current and past films.

The local picture house does not believe in exciting the cruder passions in the breasts of its patrons. Not only are the films chosen for us of a highly moral nature, but time too—three years at least—must have mellowed them.

Ethel, however, has been brought up on such tough meat and knows her film world better than she knows my head, whose Double Crown, Tendency to Tangling and Inability to Retain the Set she deplores each time we meet.

"But, Ethel," I begin, closing one eye smartly against the shampoo, "why on earth did that fair girl keep taking those pills?"

"Well of course," says Ethel rubbing my hair into painful knots, "she had to have something for her nerves—I mean you couldn't lead the double life she was without something to keep you going."

I digest this.

"Well, what was the point of moving all those lights in the road?"

"Simple," says Ethel tersely; and I fear that she will say no more. However, she is only intent on getting the water to the right temperature, and when satisfied continues:

"You see, if that Rex really was keen on the other girl and meant to save her from the Italian he'd race up in his car following the lights, so if they were moved he'd crash and Rita would get her own back."

This adroit bit of film reasoning requires heavy thought, and I ruminate for a time, while Ethel deftly twists my hair into snails, impaling each neatly to my scalp.

"Priceless the way the electricity failed at the very moment when he was about to fling the dagger," I say sardonically.

"Wasn't it amazing!" says Ethel, standing stock still while the wonder of it flows over her. "It really was!"

"Ah, well," shaking herself back to this world and switching on the drier, "life's like that!"

## Starfish

("Here is a good way of doing fish," writes an expert in a weekly paper. "It gives glamour to the fillets of cod . . .")

**S**OME, rigidly obeying dietetics,  
Acquire a slinky figure of delight,  
And some, discriminating in cosmetics,  
Have won their way to stardom overnight;  
But none I read of, silken-voiced or husky,  
Crowned with a diadem of gold, or coal,  
Subtle in fragrance, mignonette or musky,  
Has come to glamour in a casserole.

Fair be the followers of the morning shaddock,  
Heavenly hake or best-beloved bream.  
Oh, lyric lunch, half angel and half haddock!  
Such sights L'Allegro's youthful poets dream.  
Was this the plaice pinned up in countless billets?  
Bring me my halibut from golden jars;  
Come, Helen, come, give me my sole in fillets  
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars. J. B. N.

## CHRISTMAS CARDS

MR. PUNCH is asked to let his readers know of the series of pleasant Christmas cards issued by the Grenfell Mission, which promotes social and medical welfare in Labrador and Northern Newfoundland. These cards illustrate typical scenes on the thousand-mile coastline, ice-bound for many months each year, along which the Mission carries on its hospitals, nursing stations, schools and other welfare activities. An illustrated leaflet, price 2d.; will be supplied on application to the Secretary, The Grenfell Association, 66 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1, from whom the cards (in colour, 10d. each with envelope; in black-and-white, 5d. each with envelope—postage extra) may also be had.





"I think we ought to let the people just behind pass in front of us, dear—it's our butcher and his wife."

## Hush-a-Buy Baby

A Cradle Song for Moderns

**H**ARK! the ev'ning echoes to the sound of tiny feet!  
'Tis the hour when fairies are at play.  
Pull the curtain, sleepyhead, and peek into the street—

*Do not scare the little folk away!*  
Perhaps a fairy wedding in a Canterbury bell,  
Or Puck and his attendants making merry in the dell,  
Or is it furry bunnies at their frolics? Is it hell—  
'Tis the Fairies' own Black Market, and to-day's Black Market Day!

There are fully-fashioned cobwebs there for fifty bob a pair—  
Goblin, are you watching for the cops?  
And they'll soak you fifteen guineas for Titania's underwear—

*Can't get nothing like it in the shops.*  
To-night, when Nursie's sleeping, tiptoe down there by yourself,  
Knock twice and ask for Muggsy (he's a rather seedy elf)  
And he'll sell you back the dolly he knocked off your nursery shelf—

*At the Fairies' own Black Market, down in Double-Cross-You Copse.*

There is loot from goblin kingdoms in a subterranean grot—

*And goodies from the Quartermaster's store.*  
There is gin from fairy bath-tubs, only forty bob a bot.—  
*De Boss can always get you plenty more.*  
There's a leprechaun called Lefty in the hollow of a tree  
Who peddles pixie fountain pens at thirty-nine-and-three—  
If you slip him Dadsy's wallet he will let you have one free  
*At the Fairies' own Black Market (Magic Carpets pass the door).*

I fink to-night when moonlight sparkles on the roofs and spires

*Dad's on nights and Mumsy's still a Wren*  
I'll take a firefly taxi with a set of Army tyres  
*There's always one a-waiting in the glen*  
And while the eyes of brownie folk keep beadily their watch  
My itsy-bitsy copybook I'll well and truly blotch  
By trading Nannie's nylons for a slug of real Scotch—  
*At the Fairies' own Black Market,*  
*A fully-grown Black Market,*  
*The Fairies' own Black Market, down in Do-the-Dirty Den.*



### MEETING ADJOURNED

"Cool! It's enough to make a girl give notice."



"Not bad, eh? Ten pounds more than last night."

## Misleading Cases

### *The King v. Broadwick*

**A**JUDGMENT which must have a profound political effect, and may even, it is considered, lead to a General Election, was delivered by Mr. Justice Wool to-day.

"These proceedings," said his Lordship, "arise from an application by the good Mr. Haddock, whose interventions in the forensic field have caused so much happy and fruitful deliberation.

"The nature of the case can be briefly indicated. Mr. Haddock asks that there should be issued to the Returning Officer of Burbleton (West), the prerogative writ of *Quare benevolentiae causa*, or (in English), 'Why, for goodness' sake—?' to show cause why he did not, according to law, 'deem' Mr. Q. Smith, M.P., to be 'withdrawn' from the Parliamentary election for Burbleton (West) in the circumstances now to be related.

"By Section 26 of the Representation of the People Act, 1918, the celebrated measure of reform which has brought us to the pretty pass in which we find ourselves to-day, it is provided that: 'A candidate at a Parliamentary election, or someone on his behalf, shall deposit or cause to be deposited with the Returning Officer during the time appointed for the election the sum of £150 . . . and if he fails to do so he shall be deemed to be withdrawn within the provisions of the Ballot Act 1872. . . .'

"Why exactly," his Lordship proceeded, "the Legislature thought fit to place this additional obstacle in the path of citizens offering to serve their country in Parliament is not at all clear. The old and useful custom of the 'preamble' has been abandoned. By the preamble, beginning always with the obscure but pleasant 'Whereas,' before a Bill, or even before a

Section, the Legislature used to announce to the people—and, more important, perhaps, to the judges—the general purpose of the enactments, and so assisted the people—and the judges—to interpret, later, the particular words in which it endeavoured to express its purpose, and its decrees.

"In the present case, wanting a Preamble, the Court is officially unable to say exactly why a candidate for Parliament must stake £150 before he is permitted to expose himself to the rude ordeal of universal suffrage. It is true that if the Court were to peep, unofficially, into the Official Reports of the speeches in Parliament delivered during the passing of the Act the Court might possibly determine what was intended and desired. But this is by no means certain; for a man can read a great many lively and persuasive speeches in those Reports,

all tending in the same direction, only to find at the end that the majority voted for a policy opposed to that of the speakers. For this, among other reasons, the Courts have always declined to use such aids in interpreting the Statutes, and we have to rely on the ingenious theories of leading counsel, assisted by such modest suggestions as the judges may feel themselves qualified to offer.

"This is a democratic age, and the Act in question is without doubt a democratic Act. As amended by subsequent Acts it provides that any man or woman of the age of twenty-one may vote and, with some exceptions, be nominated at a Parliamentary election. The humblest hind, the poorest wage-slave, the unemployed, the illiterate, may 'serve'—mark the word—in that high place if they can persuade a majority to send them there. All property qualifications have been swept away: and only at the old-fashioned universities does the elector have to pass an intelligence test before he is permitted to vote. It is somewhat surprising therefore that any citizen who offers to 'serve' in this way is required to put down £150, and highly surprising that the poor candidate should be confronted at the outset with what may well be regarded as a property qualification or 'means test' under another name.

"I should add, by the way, that if the candidate is elected, or if, though not elected, he obtains more than one-eighth of the votes polled, the deposit is restored to him: but if he does not obtain the magic proportion of one-eighth his money is forfeit to the State. In effect, he makes a bet of £150 that he will obtain one-eighth of the votes. One learned counsel, indeed, has suggested plausibly that, the whole thing being in the nature of a gaming transaction, no Court would assist a successful candidate to recover his money if wrongfully withheld by a Returning Officer.

"Now, Counsel for the Crown has urged with force an explanation of these bizarre provisions which the Court is inclined to accept. In his view the purpose is to deter the frivolous or 'freak' candidate, the man of straw—politically speaking—from crowding the electoral lists, confusing the electors' minds, and adding without good cause to the national expense. He is therefore required, himself, to risk £150 and to lose it if he cannot satisfy the electors that he is a serious aspirant; and in that sentence, says Counsel, the accent should be on *himself*, since a risk which does not fall on a man cannot act as a deterrent.

"What happened in this case? Mr. Smith, who gave his evidence with engaging frankness, has told us that he did not risk a penny, nor did any friend of his. A certain bank, it appears, advanced the sum of £150, on condition that he paid £10 to the Party to which he belongs. The same was done by the same bank for all the candidates of his Party, who numbered many hundreds. Mr. Smith himself says that he did not even pay the £10, having taken the firm line that he would not pay a penny to anyone for permission to serve his country.

"Now, I asked Mr. Smith what were his relations with the bank. Was he interviewed or examined by the bank? Did any representative of the bank visit the constituency and inquire into his personal qualifications and prospects of success? The answer was No. He had no dealings with the bank whatever.

"Still more important was his answer to Question 5081: Did you yourself expect to succeed?

"Answer: No. I was astounded. I did not think I had a chance. In fact, I was not too pleased about it, for I am a poor man.

"Question 5082: If you had had to find £150 out of your own pocket would you have stood for Parliament, Mr. Smith?

"Answer: Not on your life, my lord.

"A candidate who does not expect to succeed, who thinks that he has no chance, who is not even eager to succeed, and would not have thought of standing if he had had to risk his own money—what is this but a freak or frivolous candidate, the very type of candidate whom, if our interpretation of the Section be correct, it was designed to deter and keep away?

"Through the operations of the bank and others Mr. Smith was not deterred; and, for all the Court knows, there were many hundreds of candidates in like case. It may well be that in other proceedings, after fuller inquiry, there may be disclosed a criminal conspiracy to evade and defeat the purpose of a Statute. The fact that Mr. Smith, or others, were in the event elected has no relevance, except perhaps as an aggravating circumstance. Counsel has defended the transaction as a kind of insurance by the bank: but insurance transactions must not be against public policy, and to insure the return to Parliament of frivolous candidates in large numbers must be against public policy. The more successful it is, the more repellent to the law.

"Into these wider and attractive fields of thought I must not stray

farther to-day. It is enough to say that in this case the writ must issue, as desired, to the Returning Officer, Mr. Broadwick. It was his duty to satisfy himself that Mr. Smith, 'or someone on his behalf' (by which words may be intended his agent, but not a bank of which he had never heard), had deposited, at his own peril, £150: and since it appears that Mr. Smith did no such thing the Returning Officer should have deemed him to be withdrawn. He is to attend this Court to show cause why he did not do so. I am told that my decision may ultimately affect the position of many hundreds of Members of Parliament. I cannot help that. They should observe the law." A. P. H.

## Ballade of Aerial Aspiration

At an HQ in Germany

(Definition: Auster strip—a landing strip for Auster midget aircraft.)

TEN past five in the holy hub . . .  
Girls sit round in a nervous  
frieze.  
Phones yield nothing but snarl and  
snub.  
AD's savage their DAD's.  
"Potts!" And a girl with wrinkled  
knees  
Stands. There is anguish on her lip.  
"Let's get cracking!" the Voice  
decrees.  
"Drive me out to the Auster strip."

Abracadabra! Rub-a-dub-dub!  
This at last is the hour to seize.  
Am I a man or am I a grub?  
Find me also an aircraft, please  
(Not like the last, which smelled of  
cheese—  
Thanks to that Copenhagen trip).  
This is the eve of ecstasies:  
Drive me out to the Auster strip.

Austers frisk like a month-old cub,  
Austers jest with the jesting breeze.  
Let's dip down on the country club,  
Stretching over to stir their teas;  
Let's run rings round the poplar  
trees,  
Let's play tick with a sailing ship.  
Talk no more of your high trapeze—  
Drive me out to the Auster strip.

Prince, I leave you the world's  
unease,  
Dust to swallow and lees to sip.  
Here's the maid with the Mercedes:  
Drive me out to the Auster strip.

## News from Czechoslovakia

**M**Y DEAR MOTHER,—You will remember that at the conclusion of last week's thrilling instalment I was in a very overcrowded U.S. Army truck being driven along a road in Czechoslovakia en route for an undisclosed destination in Germany, with those in charge of the expedition firmly convinced that I was a Displaced Lithuanian, and that I was without battle-dress blouse, papers or any other means of proving that I was nothing of the kind, but only a casual, and too curious, visitor to the Displaced Persons' camp from which we had started.

I was not at all happy about the situation that had developed. I was now lost to my Czech friend and I had no desire to start life anew as a Lithuanian in Germany.

My first thought was to make a dash for it from the truck, but there were objections to that. In the first place, American Army trucks usually travel at a speed which rather precludes any opportunity of dropping lightly off and walking away. You certainly might get to hospital if you tried it, but, equally likely, it might not be worth while taking you there. Besides, the guards might shoot. Possibly there is some rule about not shooting Displaced Lithuanians who try to get away, but, again, possibly there is not. After all, it was a hot day and it would be very tiresome for a guard to have to run after me. He could always say he was just trying to wing me, as I believe the expression is. That is all very well for birds . . .

I decided to defer the dropping off process until we got to a town. If my geography was correct, we should have to pass through Plzen on our way out of the country.

In addition to just dropping off, I decided that it would be a good plan if I seemed to be very ill as well. So I started rehearsing some groans. The rest of the genuine Lithuanians looked on with deep and sympathetic interest, which rather encouraged me. After all, if the guards could get a receipt for my body from some hospital on the journey that would keep their records in order, which, in any Army, is the thing that really matters.

So I groaned my way into Plzen. Once having started it seemed inadvisable to stop, but Plzen was a dreadfully long way.

Finally we neared the town. Plzen is not a very big town, but it has a good

sized built-up area, trams and every other modern convenience designed to reduce the speed of traffic through it. But not, I thought with dismay, American traffic. True, we slowed down to about fifty, but for ten awful minutes I thought that we were going to go right through the place without encountering one Czech truck that would interfere with our military speed. But fortunately we had to pass through the central square, and there was a tram-stop and there, to my joy, was the inevitable crowd intent on boarding an already overfull tram. Never before have I been so happy to see the skill and courage with which the ordinary citizen of Europe fights for his right to travel home for lunch by tram.

We stopped and I fell over the side.

In a second the guard had hold of me. "Hospital," I gasped. "Appendicitis. Lung trouble. Infectious." Then I groaned very hard.

A Military Policeman came up and my guard turned to him and grinned. "This guy's a goldbrick," he said. "He tried another corny story at the camp. Said he was British. He's probably got some girl here he's wanting to get back to. Well, he ain't. He's on our schedule and he's going to Germany, like the rest."

The Military Policeman smiled.

"He ain't seen many British if he thinks he resembles them any," he said, speaking, no doubt, as all policemen do, from the wide range of his experience.

I was in despair, and then I saw a sight that before I had only read about. There, in the centre of the square, was a car flying the Union Jack. It must be the car of the British consul. If ever there was a moment when I felt a fellow countryman of Rudyard Kipling it was then. I twisted myself free and started to make a dash for it. The Military Policeman tripped me up.

Perhaps I shouldn't have lost my temper. Usually no good comes from it. But this was one of those exceptional circumstances. Stung beyond endurance, I spoke my mind.

And as I spoke the expression on his face changed. It passed from amiable contempt to grudging belief. I finally stopped exhausted.

"Say," he said, "why didn't you talk that way at first? You ain't no Lithuanian if you know all them words."

I had quite a pleasant evening at the Military Police H.Q. It hardly seemed worth while troubling the Officers' Club to put me up, for the coffee, tinned peaches and salami were just as good in the barracks.

Your loving son HAROLD.

## Oddly Ordinary

**S**OME time ago," said Bassington, "I went to Newmarket with Poole. It was a fine day, with a bright sun and a gentle breeze, though that is neither here nor there. In the first race we decided to back a horse named Rangoon. Neither of us knew anything about him, but we were attracted in some way by the name. However, we soon changed our minds when we saw the animal, which had the appearance of an unusually compact cart-horse. The betting made him a rank outsider, so we abandoned our original plan and put our money on the favourite. It was an exciting race, and as they came into the straight our horse was leading the field by a couple of lengths, with Rangoon last. They passed the post in the same order and we pocketed a couple of pounds apiece."

"Well, bless me," said a man named Porteous, "I thought you were going to say that Rangoon came up on the outside and won by a neck!"

"Oh, no," replied Bassington. "I doubt if that animal had ever been in the first three in his life. His build was against him."

Porteous seemed dissatisfied and opened and shut his mouth once or twice, but said nothing.

"Talking of racing," continued Bassington, "I went to another meeting a few days ago, but since I don't propose to talk of racing any more, I won't say anything about it. Is that all right with you, Porteous?"

"Well—" began Porteous dubiously.

"Some time ago," said Bassington loudly, "I happened to call on Higginson. Several other people were there, and the talk was mainly of poetry. Roper was deriding what he called 'Wordsworth's porous trochee.' (He won the Byron belt, as I dare say you remember, for the best sonnet of 1944.) Higginson got rather hot about it and lashed out once or twice with bits out of 'We are Seven.' Everyone seemed to have something to say except one man who sat in the corner quietly peeling an apple. At least, he wasn't doing that for more than a minute or so of course, but he was very quiet, anyway. There was nothing remarkable about him, except that he had particularly powerful hands, with well-developed thumbs. Higginson must have noticed that he seemed rather out of things, for in the middle of a violent altercation between Roper and a man named Plack, who had asserted that Milton might have been 'the fastest



*"Beautiful, weren't they, the lettuces?"*

man over a hundred yards in all England' had he not devoted himself to 'messing about with limericks and the like,' he turned to him and asked his opinion. He appeared rather confused, and said that we really seemed so much better informed than he that his ideas on the subject would be of little value. It turned out that he was a dentist who had dropped in to see Higginson about joining some life-boat crew or other. It was all a bit obscure, and the thing seemed unsuitable for Higginson, but at any rate, he evidently knew little or nothing about poetry."

Porteous, who was looking rather bewildered, began to make some objection, but Bassington ignored him.

"I suppose," he continued, "that it must be about ten years since I became acquainted with George Sholto, Matthew Hook and Mabel Figg. Sholto was the virile man of action, Hook the scholarly dreamer. Both

were in love with Mabel Figg. It was Hook's ambition to show Miss Figg that in a physical emergency he would prove to be as intrepid and resourceful as Sholto. One summer day the three were walking down the pier of a south-coast resort, where they were taking a few days' holiday. Sholto, eager to impress Miss Figg with his athletic prowess, had proposed a race down the pier, and Hook had been left far behind. However, Miss Figg, flying along in pursuit of Sholto, had collided with a penny-in-the-slot machine and come a deuce of a purler. She had been pretty annoyed about it, so Hook felt that the thing had not turned out so badly after all. As they walked along their attention was drawn to the actions of a portly man who stood by the rails some distance away. He was fishing, and by some mischance his hooks and bait had become entangled in one of the pier supports. He was leaning far over the side attempting to

free the line when suddenly he lost his balance and fell some twenty feet into the water below. Sholto made an irresolute movement towards the railing, and stopped. (It turned out later that he was unable to swim, although he had always concealed the fact.) Hook quietly took off his jacket and boots, gave his glasses to Miss Figg, and leapt over the side. He sank immediately but was quickly rescued by the fisherman, who appeared to be a strong swimmer. Neither was any the worse for the experience. I remember Hook telling me one rather curious thing. His shirt was marked 'Unshrinkable,' and when he examined it after it was dry he found that it had not, in fact, shrunk at all."

Bassington rose and glanced out of the window.

"Just as surely as I leave my umbrella at home," he said, "it turns out fine. Well, I must be getting along."

## At the Play

"A BELL FOR ADANO" (PHOENIX)  
 "FIT FOR HEROES" (EMBASSY)

THE first is a play of 1943, the other a post-war farce. This second evening, under the steel roof of a Portal house in Kent, is much gayer than that in the wide spaces of Adano's City Hall. The trouble with Mr. PAUL OSBORN'S dramatization of the John Hersey novel is that it never really becomes a play. There is a vast amount of Sicilian local colour; but we tire a little of florid character work, larger than life and less natural, and seek urgently for dramatic tension. To anyone fresh from Pinero's masterly plotting in *The Thunderbolt*, the episodic treatment of *A Bell for Adano* is bound to suffer by contrast. Let us agree that it is at least an honest telescoping of the novel and that it does provide one first-rate part—for Mr. ROBERT BEATTY as the civil administrator of Adano who, after a three weeks' reign, falls like a bright exhalation in the evening.

*Major Joppolo*, it will be remembered, is the A.M.G. officer who arrives in Adano on the day of the invasion (July 1943), determined to bring peace to the town in the right way. He is democratic, fair-minded, enthusiastic. Under his rule Adano, long terrorized, grows into something like a model town: then, through the whim of a bullying general and the craven stupidity of a subordinate, *Joppolo* is removed from office. His last act is to find for the people another bell to take the place of their treasure, 700 years old, which had been for long the glory and voice of Adano and which Mussolini had removed to melt down for rifle-barrels.

The sound of the new bell, swinging in its dome, is a good theatrical end to a piece in which our main pleasures have been the sustained eagerness of Mr. BEATTY'S fine performance as the man who understands, and Mr. FREDERICK VALK'S few minutes as *Tomasino*, head fisherman of Adano,

who swerves from suspicion to respect. Little else matters, though Mr. BONAR COLLEANO, Jnr., and Mr. NICHOLAS STUART plausibly represent two military types; Mr. THOMAS PALMER announces that the Navy's here, thanks—we assume—to Yale; and Miss JESSIE EVANS persuades us that she might do something with Adano's synthetic 'blonde if the part were permitted to develop. But it is hardly



J.H. DOWD

### CIVIL ADMINISTRATION

Tina . . . . . MISS JESSIE EVANS  
 Major Joppolo . . . . . MR. ROBERT BEATTY

a play—and need its Sicilians be so vehemently tuppence-coloured?

It is happier at the Embassy, where Mr. HAROLD BROOKE and Miss KAY BANNERMAN show us how a Portal flowers into one of the stately homes of England when *Lord* and *Lady Wimpole* leave the Hall's sombre acreage for five rooms and a potting-shed. The authors have a gift of chuckling comic invention. It would be better if they made more use of this and speeded the farce which rests principally on the deplorable figure of

*Horace Barnett*. *Horace*, dear little soul, is both by-election candidate for the Independent Workers' Party—new owners of the Hall—and potential son-in-law of the *Wimpoles*. The man is about as agreeable as a flight of poisoned arrows: his cue is villainous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam. We are delighted when, owing to the amiable interference of *Lord Wimpole* and son, his election meeting ends in a rich riot.

Dame IRENE VANBRUGH and Mr. RAYMOND LOVELL are in high spirits as the *Wimpoles*—no one has such a sulky charm as Mr. LOVELL—and there is a lovely performance of their son *George*, home from Burma, by Mr. JACK ALLEN. He gives quite the best exhibition of pig-sticking in a Portal we have seen on any stage. Mr. EDGAR NORFOLK, as the family butler and prop, would be the pride of a ducal pantry, and Mr. OLAF POOLEY is merciless to *Horace*; the actor has a nice line in glum glowering as well as in vocalizing at daybreak and the chirpier callisthenics. J. C. T.

### "THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL" (ARTS)

SHERIDAN'S major comedies have now all appeared at the Arts within the last two years. *The School for Scandal*, third play in the current Festival of English Drama, is distinguished by Mr. ALEC CLUNES'S *Charles*. The part is a sad man-trap for an actor given to overstatement and to a fussy period parade. Mr. CLUNES, with his attractive frankness and beautifully-poised speech, is as good a *Charles*

as we have had for a long time. Mr. DEREK BIRCH has too honest a personality for *Joseph*, but he carries off the part well, especially in the little scene with *Sir Oliver* (Mr. PETER STREULI). In a very agreeable, balanced production, Miss MARGARET VINES and Mr. JULIAN D'ALBIE are in the liveliest sparring form as the *Teazles*, and Mr. MARCUS INSLEY is heartily (and toothily) venomous as *Backbite*, whose line about the neat rivulet of text meandering through a meadow of margin should wring the heart of any publisher in the audience. J. C. T.

## Press Protest of a Purist

To the Editor

SIR,—Many people, including myself, who respect the purity of our noble language, were severely pained to read that a London magistrate had carelessly warned an offender, "I have a good mind to send you to 'quod.'"

I trust that this distressing remark from the lips of a responsible public servant will not create a precedent. To illustrate my apprehension of vulgar speech degrading our national affairs I must recall a disgraceful incident experienced by a friend, who had to appear before a local bench on an embezzlement charge.

Prior to the opening of the court the justices in question had been engaged in determining the probable effect on juvenile minds of an American gangster film. The unfortunate result was that they had assimilated a considerable vocabulary of American colloquialisms which detrimentally affected the prosecution of their duties.

My friend's appearance in the dock was heralded by a chorus of "Who is this guy?" to which the clerk, similarly afflicted, retorted "Just another big stiff after some other geyser's dough." The chairman snarled at my friend "Smart guy, eh?"

With suitable dignity my friend declared himself "Not Guilty," but before he could explain that he had merely borrowed the money, and that he frequently confused his own signature with that of his employer, there was a shout of "Aw, nuts!" from the clerk.

At this point one of the justices—a reverend gentleman, in fact—asked "Is there a dame in the case?" and on being informed to the contrary, went back to sleep.

After the evidence of the prosecution, punctuated by distasteful epithets as "Sez you!" and "Button up, screwball," my friend was allowed to defend himself. He was similarly interrupted by ungentlemanly cries of "You poor sucker!" and "Quit stalling, babe."

On the injunction "Let's get out of here, buds," the bench retired. When they returned the chairman, on imposing a small fine, said "We reckon you was caught with your pants down, brother, but keep on in there, punching. We're only going to set you back five bucks."

My friend, throwing his breeding to the winds, countered with an offer of



*"I bet the lady in the Mystery and Crime Section of the Library at the corner of the High Street often wonders what's become of me."*

"double or quits." Upon cancelling his fine he left the court with a cordial "So long, suckers," to the justices, who responded with a unanimous "So long, buddy." This distressing lapse by my friend is something of which he is fully ashamed and repentant, but which he attributes to the lax dignity of the court.

However, my friend continued his embezzling, and became a company director. Through his activities in local politics he became, curiously enough, the chairman of the identical bench. He is ably supported by two other gentlemen, both retired from the Stock Exchange, whom he met while on a somewhat lengthy vacation at Maidstone.

It gives me great pleasure to record that the proceedings are now conducted in a strictly formal and dignified manner, slang and any form of slovenly speech being rigidly barred. Justice is dispensed with true regard for pure English as it should be spoken.

Yours, etc.,

J. WILLIAM CLOVES-ORSE, B.A.

### Capital Economy Comes into its Own.

"That was a great achievement, and its success was due to the personal contacts made by its voluntary workers, who had told the people the value of National Savings. Their first advertisement of the war read 'Lend to Defend the Right to be Free.' Now their job was to 'Lend to defend the right to be free.'"—*Staffs. paper.*



"I am instructed by the Air Council to thank you very much and wish you all the very best of luck turn left at the end of the corridor and then right and get away smartly next—"

### Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

### Napoleon and His Son

MISS DORMER CRESTON'S *In Search of Two Characters: Some Intimate Aspects of Napoleon and His Son* (MACMILLAN, 21/-) might with advantage be shorter, and is at times somewhat fanciful and mannered in its style. But these defects are altogether outweighed by the sense of reality which, as a woman, she brings to the consideration of a character who has betrayed his male admirers into every kind of absurdity. Miss CRESTON explains Napoleon through his relations with women, who were not impressed by him until he became famous. His vanity was deeply hurt by the indifference or amusement which his youthful awkwardness evoked, and the poetry and idealism in his nature, revealed in his adoration of Josephine, were completely destroyed by her irresponsiveness during his Italian campaign and his subsequent discovery of her affair with Hippolyte Charles. It was in reference to this affair that he wrote to his brother Joseph—"At twenty-nine I have exhausted everything; there remains nothing for me except to become a complete egotist"; the rest of his life illustrating how thoroughly he carried out this resolve. Miss CRESTON traces subtly and uncensoriously the effect of his egotism on those most closely connected with him, and especially on Hortense, his step-daughter, Marie Louise, his second wife, and the Duke of Reichstadt, his son, who, though hardly more than a baby when he was parted from his father, was already so penetrated with Napoleon's personality as to be unable to free himself from it during the remainder of his brief, unhappy life. For the first time the case for

Marie Louise, hitherto treated as a frivolous girl unworthy of a great man's trust and affection, has been properly stated. To her father, the Emperor of Austria, her marriage with the man she had been brought up to regard as a hardly human monster was a means to enable Austria to rearman. To Napoleon it was the most dazzling of all his conquests, for it enabled him to become the father of an infant with royal blood in his veins. "You don't know what I'm doing?" he one day asked Talma, who could not make out why Napoleon was giving his infant little slaps. "I'm beating a King!" In all the circumstances, fully explained by Miss CRESTON, Marie Louise cannot be blamed for not joining Napoleon at Elba. Sir Hudson Lowe, too, is brought to life by Miss CRESTON, with humour as well as sympathy, a solemn man but an honest and even, at least in comparison with Napoleon, a magnanimous one. H.K.

### Beyond the Lattice

In spite of their crudity, which is offset by sensitiveness of observation, *Tales of a Devon Village* (FABER, 8/6) are worth repossessing in the light, the far more lucid light, of Mr. HENRY WILLIAMSON'S later work. Two volumes of short stories, representing the ten years after the Armistice, have been regrouped in two volumes of which this is the first. It was perhaps a mistake to lead off with as hideous a piece of bucolic cruelty as "The Badger Dig," yet this gesture dismisses at the outset any notion that the author, as a young ex-officer, has earned and won his Arcadia. The bestialities of war are latent in those of peace, and the hero, however war-weary, must needs join up again to defeat them. That tale is told in *The Story of a Norfolk Farm*. Here you have a demoralized countryside; its embittered local politics, as in "Cemetery or Burial-ground"; and its invasion by the dregs of urbanity, as in "The Darkening of the Doorway." Yet there are lyric passages, in "The Well," for instance, and conversation-pieces, such as "The Old Cob Cottage," which suggest how men might yet fit in to that natural scheme of things which it is the office of rural England to maintain. H. P. E.

### R. K.

Mr. HILTON BROWN, in his *Rudyard Kipling* (HAMILTON, 10/6), says that it is not specifically concerned with literary criticism. The book is largely a biography, and a very interesting one; but that part is too full and elaborate to be dealt with justly in a short notice, and literary criticism is there in plenty. Nor is it all his own. He has rummaged. Kipling went to India as a journalist at the age of seventeen. He saw there good soldiering and fine civilian work. After seven years he came home with his own gift of writing crystallized and a mind full of large ideas. It was the time of the Yellow Book, and he burst on that tired atmosphere like a fresh gale. Wilde criticized with an epigram of sorts. Le Gallienne criticized (did the elephant mind that particular mosquito?), and he was the subject of a cartoon by the "Stumious Beerbomax." Outside that coterie Henry James disapproved. And there were others. But R. K. stormed Valhalla. Mr. HILTON BROWN'S own criticism deals in the main with Kipling's prose work. He is highly favourable, but is inclined to hedge. As he says, one is always obliged to qualify any sweeping statement about Kipling. He has no doubt of Kipling's genius, and appreciates a general level of excellence. One queer thing is that he seems to care little for the Jungle Books; there are many who hold that it is by these and his verse that Kipling will live. The verse (call it that because Kipling did) Mr. HILTON BROWN leaves to a chapter at the

end of the book, which, he owns, is not to do it justice. Here there is little hedging. In spite of the fact that, as with all poets, there is a lot of stuff in the mass that one would like to see dropped out, he is fully alive to Kipling's immense qualities. "No man," he says, "has been so unjustly reckoned by his failures; and that is an error into which we must not fall." One is reminded here of being present at a lecture on a certain poet in which the speaker roamed to other bards. "With regard to Kipling," he blandly remarked, "whatever one may think about him in other respects, one is bound to acknowledge an element of vig-ah." So much for Kipling. J. K.

### Over to Skye

A child on Skye in the eighteen-eighties was a child destined to suffer acutely from the results of two major crises in Highland history. The first, the Reformation, endowed the Isles with a grim form of Calvinism; the second, the Hanoverian ascendancy, transformed chiefs of clans into extortionate landlords. These two factors so savagely reinforced one another that when Dr. NORMAN MACLEAN, as a small boy, watched the redcoats march against the clansmen with guns, bayonets and bagpipes, he was struck with the hopelessness of the crofters' fate. "The enemy had everything . . . even the music of the pipes." The island elders allowed no pipes, no singing. One of NORMAN's young friends had not been baptized because his father was a confirmed whistler. Story-telling, however, was permitted; and it is as a *ceilidh*—a Highland evening's story-telling round a peat fire, with old times and characters recaptured and old prophecies capped by present fulfilment—that *The Former Days* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 9/6) is beautiful, unique and memorable. Dr. MACLEAN's canvas is the very stuff of tragedy; but his pitying touch is a light one and there are legends like that of Miss Macdonald's spinet, which was buried by mistake for Piper Finlay's coffin, which should rightly be saluted with something like the libations that attended the actual episode. H. P. E.

### On Planning

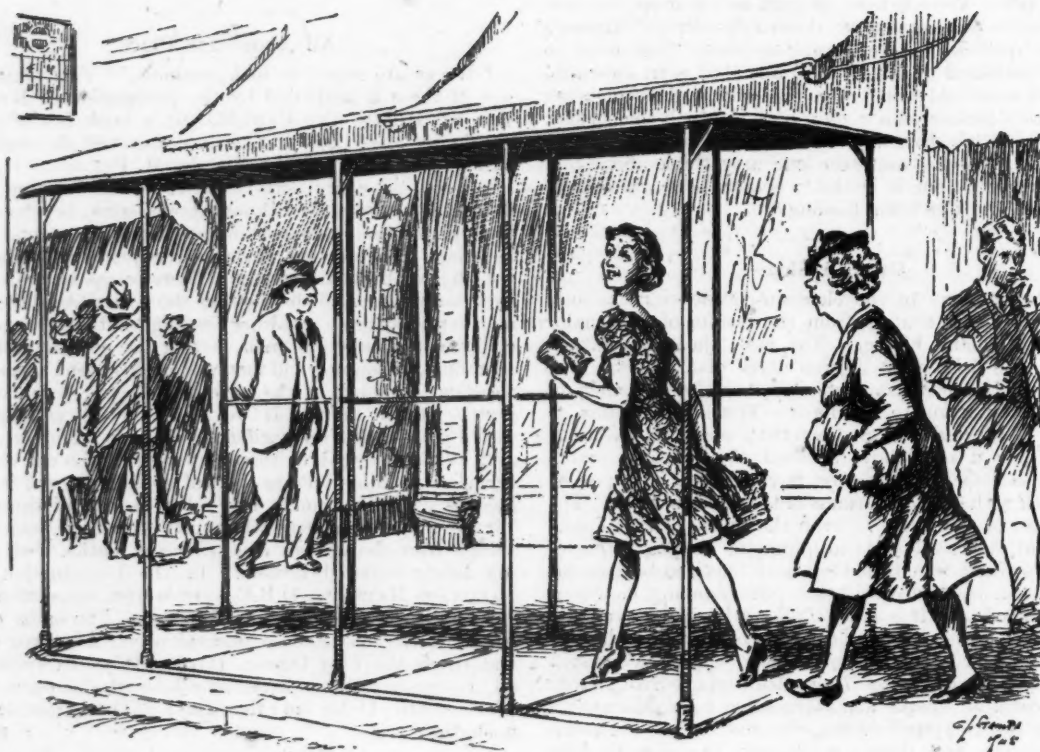
It is difficult to think of any reasonable objection to planning; though the word excites very distressing emotions in many people at present. According to Mr. IAN R. M. MCCALLUM, the editor of *Physical Planning* (THE ARCHITECTURAL PRESS, 21/-), it means nothing more sinister than organizing ahead, and he has collected a body of contributors who treat of all the aspects of planning a new England in a capable but clear and unaggressive manner entirely free from any suggestion that concentration camps for hostile critics are on the agenda of their programme. The easy way to planning, says one of the contributors, is Hitler's, the way of quick decisions taken by a few people with a single purpose, noisily supported by a pliant public. The way recommended in this book, and most congenial to the English, implies widespread enthusiasm, endless discussion and patient explanation. Among the matters discussed in this book are housing, agriculture, industry, the proper use of the limited land surface at our disposal, local government and transport. To the general reader, however, the brilliant article on Design, by Mr. Kallmann and Mr. IAN MCCALLUM, will probably be the most attractive. Its theme is the connection between the landscape, rural and urban, and the prevailing tendencies of the age—"the landscape presents a picture in constant transition; a piece of work fashioned through the centuries and mirroring our history." The onslaught of the machine era on the homogeneous landscape of the eighteenth century is described,

and the problem of re-establishing a unified and coherent landscape in modern conditions discussed. H. K.

### "All About the Place"

"Wrens are meant to look feminine." This remark by one of them is amplified by the publication of *Wrens in Camera* (HOLLIS AND CARTER, 8/6), a book full of photographs by Miss LEE MILLER, a *Vogue* staff photographer, with explanatory text by Miss K. M. PALMER. Here we see Wrens in every sort of attitude and wearing every degree of uniform, but though boiler-suits, bell-bottomed trousers, overalls and oilskins are more in evidence than the black silk stockings, their wearers neither ape the man nor suggest musical comedy. There seems to be nothing they cannot do; and the pictures show them servicing guns and depth-charges, repairing landing-craft, testing safety-equipment, delivering mail, acting as boarding officers, signalling, drumming and manning boats as well as cooking, cleaning, laughing in the mess and keeping each other's pretty hair in order. If we had only the catalogue of duties without the reassuring pictures, we might be scared stiff at the thought of these super-girls, who can do oxy-acetylene welding; but the sight of their intent and friendly faces is consoling, and it is a relief to read of those who "made a little garden, laboriously carrying buckets of shingle from the water's edge to make paths, and planting bright-coloured flowers." In the Introduction Mrs. LAUGHTON MATHEWS, D.B.E., quotes from some tributes to the Service of which she is Director—"The spirit of the Navy which you have so miraculously made your own," and (from the Flag Officer, Dover 1940) "In spite of it all, I see your Wrens grinning all about the place," and (Portsmouth Order of the Day) "Their morale was unshaken." B. E. B.





*"Bit of luck, auntie—here's an empty queue!"*

### Have My Seat.

IT is the view of Mr. Umsham's friends that he has stepped straight out of the Middle Ages, so fine a sense of chivalry does he display, maintaining as he does that in tubes and buses a man, whatever his age and condition, should give up his seat to a woman, whatever hers. He considers too that a younger man should always give up his seat to an older man, and that anyone out of uniform should give up his seat to anyone in uniform.

From time to time he forgets that he is now on the wrong side of middle-age, and rises to offer his seat to men twenty or thirty years younger than himself. Some embarrassment is thereby caused, since young middle-aged men do not like it to be thought that their appearance is infirm.

On the morning of which I write he is standing in a bus and, when the

conductress shouts "Move along, please; move along there," he moves forward until he is standing beside a seated corporal. It is a very young and a very healthy corporal, and probably, since his beret is a green beret, a very stalwart corporal.

The corporal makes as if to rise, saying to Mr. Umsham "Here, have my seat, mate."

But it would be against all Mr. Umsham's principles to take a soldier's seat. He therefore places a hand firmly on the corporal's shoulder so as to prevent him from rising.

It is evident, however, that the corporal does not wish to remain seated, and it appears that a Conflict of Principles has broken out.

Mr. Umsham, who is standing, is at an advantage, as he is no weakling and it is comparatively easy to keep a man pinned to his seat if you stand over him

and apply sufficient pressure to his shoulder.

The young commando no doubt knows of many ways of breaking out from this pressure, but as they might involve the fracture of one or other of Mr. Umsham's limbs, to say nothing of an unseemly scuffle, they are devices which he is reluctant to employ in a public service vehicle.

The fact that the bus is stopping makes it the more difficult for Mr. Umsham to keep the corporal from rising, since a man standing in a bus has a certain tendency to fall forwards when a bus slows down.

Mr. Umsham manages it, however, his sense of balance, like his principles, being of the strongest.

In despair the young commando opens his mouth to speak.

"Here, cummorfit, mate," he says; "I get off here."

## Home Chat

"DADDY, where have you been? You said you would be here at six o'clock."

"When you are asked to somebody's house, Peter, it is not polite to queue up outside four minutes early, as if it were a pub."

"No, darling, but these people have to go out."

"Then why did they ask us here?"

"They have had Peter and me to lunch and tea. By the time you have drunk them out of house and home they will have to go out. Indeed it was so embarrassing just before seven that Peter and I came down to the gate to look for you."

"And Mr. Heydew went on, daddy, to make sure they were in time to get something."

"This is a most extraordinary way to receive callers."

"Mrs. Heydew wanted to know if you met her cousin in the Army, daddy."

"Good heavens, is this going to be another fantastic cross-examination?"

"Do please remember, darling, how your voice carries."

"It is a funny thing, sweet, that you always think my voice penetrates to the ends of the earth; yet you, close at my side, cannot hear a word I say because I will not enunciate properly."

"Unfortunately, since being in the Army, you talk as if you were bawling into a microphone."

"I really must make it clear, sweet, that any officer in the British Army who wanted to use a microphone on parade..."

"Shall I say you talk as if you were still on the barrack square?"

"Now, how often have I been on a barrack square? How often have you seen me on one? In England my men were billeted in semi-detached villas, and paraded in side streets. In the desert they did not parade, and in Normandy they were too far away to hear me."

"At any rate, darling, your idea of a whisper makes me wonder if there was ever anything more confidential in the Army than two buff envelopes instead of one."

"I beg your pardon?"

"The way you call out silly remarks about other women's hats in buses does suggest that if ever you and your general wanted a few words in private..."

"My dear, the general and I had to make our voices heard above the din of battle. And there was no time to waste in saying 'What say?'"

"The din of battle? Now you really cannot come home, angel, and imagine you can teach us in London anything about the noises of war. That will make you most dreadfully unpopular."

"Here's Mrs. Heydew, daddy."

"Yes, Peter, so it is. Now, darling, please be nice. Don't make any funny remarks under your breath that nobody else is expected to understand."

"So! I am not to shout. And I am not to murmur..."

"No one likes husbands and wives who talk in code, darling—or suddenly break into French—or nudge one another and signal with their eyes."

"Peter thinks it..."

"Yes, dear heart, it is a lovely sense of humour—if only we are alone. But... Hullo, Mrs. Heydew, here is my husband at last. Darling, this is Mrs. Heydew."

"Now, Colonel, I really must apologize for my husband. He did wait as long as he dared, and then he felt the only thing was to go on. But tell me, Colonel, I have so wanted to ask you whether by any chance you met my cousin when you were out East."

"Mrs. Heydew thinks you may remember him, darling. But of course, as I tell her, he was a regular. And you..."

"Even the regulars were on our side, pet."

"I do assure you, Colonel, this is not one of those idiotic questions about someone called Smith. His name is Bassenthwaite."

"A curious thing you mention Smith, Mrs. Heydew. One does meet more Smiths than Bassenthwaites, but from a purely mathematical point of view we are considering people and not names. The law of averages is such that the chances of meeting a particular Smith are no greater than of meeting a particular Bassenthwaite. The reason may interest you..."

"Do you know what his rank was, dear?"

"Well, that is really rather hard to say. He was a captain originally. When the war broke out he became a brigadier... being a regular, I mean."

"Of course."

"He went back to colonel after that job was successfully done; then he was wounded and they made him a major for that. Soon after V Day I heard he was a captain again, and only hoping he would be able to hold on to it."

"Bassenthwaite, you say? I shall

have to look him up in the Army List."

"Oh, have you one? I've always been told it is such a wonderful little book."

"What is the Army List, daddy?"

"A kind of telephone directory, Peter. Everyone looks to see if they are in it; and as long as they are, nothing else matters."

"My cousin, Dicky Bassenthwaite, used to say it was like a time-table. As soon as anyone arrived at their station, everyone flew to this book, not to see the time the person got there, but whether they would still be senior."

"Darling! I thought you said Mrs. Heydew had no sense of humour."

"I said she had not your crazy sense of humour, dear."

"As a matter of fact, Colonel, you will need a real sense of humour this evening. I made the horrible discovery, after asking you round, that there was nothing to drink in the house, and the off-licence would simply not let me have a thing. My husband dashed off as soon as they were open to see if the man at the Goat would half fill a bottle with mild ale or something, if he went on his knees, and offered him some theatre tickets. But I can see him coming up the road again. Obviously he has had no luck, so I must catch him before he flies past on his way to the Dragon..."

"Darling, if you say *one word* when she comes back I shall never forgive you. Don't, now, I beg you... for my sake."

"Sweet, you have nothing to worry about. I was not always able to call at the mess as I went by on my way to battle. But this evening I was just able to call at the club on my way here. You see, I am NOT IN THE ARMY NOW."

o o

## Testing Tewkesbury

"YOU all say these intelligence tests are a piece of cake," said the Area Psychiatrist. "Well, what about doing one of them?"

Beginning with the Major, and working downwards, the mess made its excuses. The Area Psychiatrist said that one didn't have to know any psychology to see that they were all windy.

"Nobody's going to call this mess windy," said the Major resolutely. "Tewkesbury shall do it. Tewkesbury! Where are you?"

Tewkesbury was produced.

"He was at Oxford before the war interrupted him," explained the Major.

"Just up his street, intelligence tests. Now then, my lad, sit down there and get cracking."

"What's all this," said Tewkesbury, blinking. He surveyed the intelligence test paraphernalia with evident distaste.

"Intelligence test," said the Major. "That's the questionnaire, here's a pen, and this is a psychiatrist to grade you up. Off you go."

Tewkesbury began to expostulate. The Major and the Area Psychiatrist swore and instructed at him for some minutes, and then turned on each other. Meanwhile, the mess laid bets with the Quartermaster. Grade III—average—was favourite, with Superior Intellect unquoted. Tewkesbury was heard to say that he hadn't joined the Army to be made a fool of, and what *was* Intelligence, anyway? After a little more persuasion and threat he grudgingly consented to sit down.

"One, two, three, four, five, dash," read Tewkesbury in a peculiarly contemptuous tone. "What on earth is this?"

"Put a figure instead of the dash," said the Area Psychiatrist helpfully.

"Could be anything," said Tewkesbury peevishly.

"It couldn't," said the Area Psychiatrist.

"What happens if I put down sixty-five?"

"You ruddy well get it wrong," said the Area Psychiatrist.

"Why?" demanded Tewkesbury, venomously.

"Because *six* comes after five."

"So does fourteen."

There was an interim while the Area Psychiatrist defined a series to the wrathful Tewkesbury. After five minutes Tewkesbury inserted a half-hearted-looking six above the dash.

"Carry on," said the Area Psychiatrist. "I'll have to give you

nought for that question. You got assistance."

"This thing here, now," said Tewkesbury nastily, stabbing the next question with his pen. "I suppose I'm expected to say *black* is the opposite of white?"

"Why don't you answer the damn thing and then let me mark it," said the Area Psychiatrist. "You're *querying* every question instead of answering it!"

Tewkesbury said he didn't mind putting down black to please the Area Psychiatrist, but it was not his own opinion, or the opinion of anybody who knew what he was talking about.

"Black is the opposite of white," bellowed the Area Psychiatrist. "An idiot would say that!"

Tewkesbury agreed, but wanted to point out that he was not yet proved to be an idiot, and that black was in fact a degree of white, and the terms were opposites only in the limited sense of co-related extremes of degree. There was another interim, terminated by the far from amicable agreement that Tewkesbury was to get nought and pass to the next question.

"Sea is to destroyer what blank is to tank," read Tewkesbury scathingly. For a few minutes he scrutinized the question with a Gorgon-like stare, and then pronounced it ambiguous.

"You're trying to *make* it ambiguous," objected the Area Psychiatrist. There were beads of sweat on his brow.

"No need to *make* it," said Tewkesbury stiffly. "Sea is the thing, the element, in which the destroyer functions, so the second answer might be LAND. But sea also causes the destroyer to move, so the second answer could be PETROL. And how am I to know if you don't mean 'tank,' a container, as opposed to 'tank,' an armoured vehicle? Or again . . ."

"Please," said the Area Psychiatrist, and there was a catch in his voice, "please! Just go on to the next question, and you can have full marks for that one."

In grim silence Tewkesbury, now master of the situation, contemplated the last question.

"This question asks me the meaning of 'tomato,'" he said at length. His tone was extremely acid. "A child," went on Tewkesbury, "could tell you what a tomato looks like, and distinguish it from an orange. But who shall say what a tomato *means*? To a poet it means, perhaps, colour and life; to a gardener, money; to a painter, a picture. All these are meanings, but only a Yoga adept or a mystic could tell you what is the *whole* meaning of tomato. For instance . . ."

There was a final arbitration in which the Major and a now half-hysterical Area Psychiatrist decided that Tewkesbury had got five marks out of a possible hundred, and the test should be regarded as over. Tewkesbury took advantage of a lull to stalk over to the door like a wounded lion withdrawing from a skirmish with some jackals.

"If you ask me," he said in a haughty tone, "all that these things of yours test is the ability to do intelligence tests—which, in my opinion, is neither here nor there."

He then departed hastily, in case of accidents, but not before he had collected a quid from the Quartermaster, with whom he had backed himself to come out Mentally Deficient.

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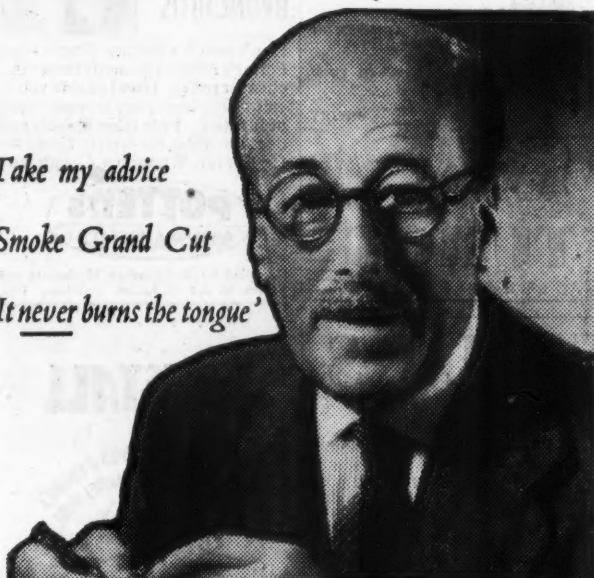
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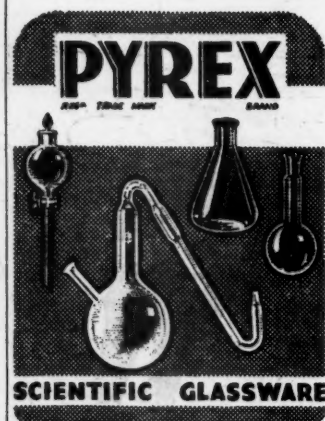
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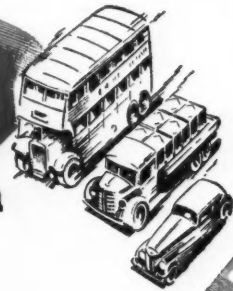
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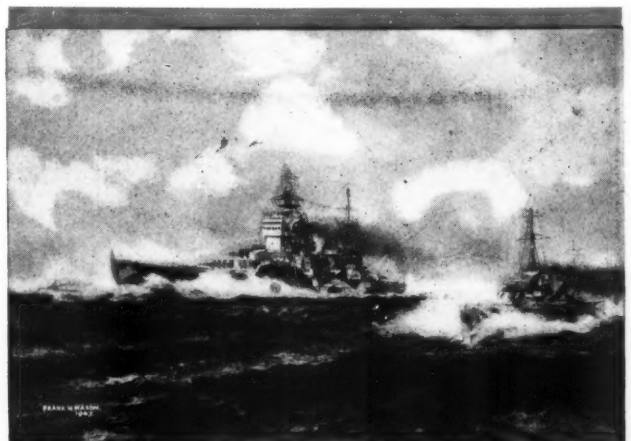
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